



**BILLY BRAGG
VOODOO B.B.Q.
SHEEP LOOK UP**

CFRM 91.7

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RADIO MCGILL

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FREE

March 1987

KRAK

FESTIVAL de nouvelle musique de MONTREAL new music FESTIVAL

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Editorial

Hate to get sentimental, but 1986 was quite a special year for the Montreal music scene. Never before have we seen such a tremendous output of indie-vinyl material from the likes of Three O'Clock Train, The Gruesomes, Ray Condo and co., D.A.F.P., 39 Steps, Of Tanz Victims, and Deja Voodoo. We also saw new VOT and Og compilations, the Psyche-Fest at le Tonic, VOT-Fest at Club Soda and the Voodoo Bar-B-Q at the Spectrum. New artists like the Mongols tore up the town. D.A.F.P. had a few close friends (well over 1000, to be specific) in for the launch of Dead in Love at the Spectrum, and the Ray Condo tent was by far the most exciting attraction at the Miller Fest fiasco. Jerry Jerry and his revamped Sons of Rhythm Orchestra decided to bring their evil brand of Rock 'n' Roll, and even nastier drinking habits, to Montreal for good. The Voodoo Bar-B-Q deserves special mention as a "last bow" party for 1986...the music was bitchin' as the chicken, but lasted a lot longer (check Flipped Out's column for details). 1986 sounds like it will be a tough act to follow, but things are already looking promising for 1987.

These first frozen months have already seen the release of new vinyl from Of Tanz Victims, E.J. Brulé, Condition and the long awaited Music In from Three O'Clock Train. The good news continues with the Mongols, Sons of the Desert, Weather Permitting and The Darned, who have vinyl works in progress, and expect a new EP from Ray Condo and the Goners. Also, Jerry Jerry have a new LP in the works entitled "Battle Hymn of the Apartment", to be released on Pipeline. The

Nils have been picked up by Profile (Run D.M.C., D.O.A.) Records in New York so the future looks pretty damn promising all the way around. Look forward to another great year. Thanks to all of you who have gone out and supported our local scene. Who knows what may be brewing in someone's garage at this very moment.

Speaking of garages and so forth, our own subterranean connection, Flipped Out, has done some publishing of his own, along with a few friends. It's appropriately entitled Last Mynds, and would make any holder of a Cramps tour program proud. Features include interviews with Eric Sandmark (Ray Condo fame), articles on the Mongols, the Raunch Hands, the Cramps and much more. For four bucks, you can't spend your money on better trash (baby), available at all the cooler record stores around.

Until next time,



Jenn Allen

Patrick Hamou

KONIT'S

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VOICE OF AMERICA

Who is Alex Chilton? sez you. What has God to do with this? Allow me to inform you as to who Alex Chilton is. As to God, all will become clear presently.

Alex Chilton is, to my estimation, the greatest unknown genius in the world of music, not simply American music (which is the supposed specialty of this column), but all music people listen to today. Some of his sounds are known, songs like *The Letter* (covered by Joe Cocker) or *Holocaust* (This Mortal Coil), but to a large extent, Alex Chilton's music, and his amazing performance of it, has gone unnoticed by record listeners.

Anyone who has heard his music is instantly struck by the "balance between beautiful melodies and emotional desperation" (quoting Scott Miller of the band *Game Theory*) which is his trademark. Chilton is a songwriter who sings himself out over the edge of despair, and then writes of what he sees with intense sincerity. His high voice melts into the expressive, at times harrowing music behind it, melds with it into a style of rock that is unavoidable, impossible to deny or ignore.

To many embellishing adjectives? Get ahold of the third Big Star LP or the excellent compilation

DOCUMENT — somehow get within hearing of his original version of *Kanga Rock*, and you'll immediately find yourself in the same predicament I'm in now; some things are ill-delimited by words.

Still, who is Alex Chilton? Alex Chilton is from Memphis, Tenn. By the age of 16, he was the lead singer of the Box Tops, a group packaged as "Blue-eyed Soul" by 'Sixties promoters, possessed of the number-one hit *The Letter* and *Soul Deep*. Chilton, however, wanted more, and in 1969 he left the band and began writing songs for himself. The songs became more pointed, more powerful, but the popular limelight never returned.

Big Star, his next band, amalgamated garage and R&B at a time when everything was Progressive Rock. Few listened. Left to doing almost all the playing on the third Big Star album due to the collapse of the group, Alex Chilton produced an album as good as anything you call your favourite (and you would call this album your favourite if you could hear it), and discovered to his disgust that no one wanted to hear it.

Always emotionally indelicate, Chilton descended into despair, becoming an addict, losing his voice, moving into the unpleasant terrain of America, hotel

rooms, temporary, demeaning work on loading docks and in factories. His story doesn't stop there, however. This is one of those happy-ending tales.

Not everyone ignored his music. Bands like Pylon, REM, and the Replacements formed from people who loved music like Alex Chilton's. Others got interested. Chilton got interested once again, and today he's back playing, his reputation growing, his single *No Sex* in record stores.

Nice story, sez you. What has God to do with this?

God the Biblical deity? Very little. The God I'm referring to can also be defined as the power of the artist to express and emot. Chilton's music has this 'God' within it. The music itself also possesses another power — the power of persuasion. Listen to an album by Let's Get Active or REM. Chilton's in there, all through the music. The strength of his songwriting ability has energized a new generation of American bands. Thank God. Against the compo-Mantani of most music today we have a defense — real American Rock. Alex Chilton is one of that sound's greatest proponents, and his time of recognition is long overdue.

Jeffrey Butt

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On Thursday, Feb. 18, just two introverted weebies from "In from the Cold" went out into the cold to interview London, Ontario's Sheep Look Up. Braving the freezing weather and snowstorm to get to Four-fours, they managed to catch Will Power, a.k.a. as Matt, during the sound check before the show. Amidst drum beats and feedback howls, the soft-spoken lead vocalist managed to bear with them and supply them these answers to the questions you've been asking yourselves for the longest time.

KRAK: How did the group form and where did the name come from?

MATT: In this town, Sheep Look Up has been together for about 3 years. There were two parts of the name before that, so it's been about 4 years altogether. I snuffed off as a two-pick band. We did a couple and built up essentially this unit. We had a real hard time coming up with a name. Nobody could really think of one.

KRAK: It always seems you have to agonize.

MATT: Right. So, I think it was Gilbert (Smith) or John (Francome) who suggested this name. Everybody had read the book and thought it was a really neat book. It's by John Brunner.

KRAK: Is it supposed to be a really meaningful name, or is it to catch people's attention?

MATT: It is a sort of meaningful name in the sense that the book is about "the end of the world" and we're sort of the end of the world in the sense that everybody can see it coming in one way or another, and a lot of the music is concentrating on how to avoid that. How to avoid these less desirable spots.

KRAK: Very political, as I noticed on the front cover of your E.P.

MATT: Very political. In some instances it's very social-political.

KRAK: On the E.P., there's a song called *Falasha*, we were wondering where that song came from. I assume it came from the Falashas in Ethiopia.

MATT: Yeah, we actually wrote that song a few years ago, but we couldn't get it together then. It really came together last year, a while after the fact.

KRAK: So, this E.P. has been a while in coming. Had you been preparing for a while?

MATT: Well, the main obstacle was money. That's always the problem in this business; it's trying to get the money to do it. Where you're going to do it and who you're going to do it with. Producers, people, the studio, the money, where's all that stuff going to come from. We did a cassette release first, and got a lot of mileage out of that. It really got around. It ended up in Italy, Florida, California and

elsewhere. We hadn't sent it to any of those places; people just wrote to us from these places.

KRAK: Is the band now your central job, or do you have other things?

MATT: Everybody sort of has other jobs, to various extents. I have a full-time job, but what happens is I end up working 12 hours for three days and I get time off whenever I need it. Pretty well everybody is in the same kind of situation.

KRAK: Is there any heavy backing to help the band now?

MATT: No. We've got a bank loan and that goes because we had a western tour to do, and we need it to do it in.

KRAK: How would you describe your music?

MATT: Well, it's heavy, but I prefer heavy as opposed to the term heavy.

KRAK: Your song *Like a Real* really stood out on the London Underground compilation.

MATT: Yeah, we sort of intended it to. That was a sort of political thing. It started off as a great project but it kind of got weird, so that song is sort of a statement.

KRAK: Has the compilation helped you?

MATT: Well, the compilation was out less than a month before we released our E.P. We'd already done a western tour and a tour through the States, and piles of other gigs. We opened for Shriekback and The Fall, we had done a lot of work at that point, so it was sort of good to do this in a way. We figured we may as well be on it because it's going to get sent to all these cities in England.

Then, in '86, after a long strange and weird so we ended up at the point where we weren't sure what we wanted to do on it, so we ended up doing *Like a Real*, a really sort of strange version of it.

KRAK: Are campus rallies really helpful to you?

MATT: In the sense of exposure, yeah.

KRAK: Do you have any goals or ideals as a band, or do you do it just for fun? Is money involved?

MATT: Well, lately money has become a motivation because we're really in debt right now. The people are the point now where they'd like to start getting paid. Everybody's been doing this for three to five years and if you could make at least a reasonable living off of it, it'd be really nice. Music wise, we're looking to do more recording and hopefully secure a major distribution, or do another E.P. on our own. Right now we have distribution by Zulu out of Montreal, and we have distribution through Peddler in Toronto, and Bonaparte here, but that's about a hundred at a time. We're hoping to go to the States in the spring.

KRAK: Is there much response for you out west?

MATT: Yeah, it's really good. We've done really well both times we've sent there.

KRAK: Do you all have the same background as thrash tyrants and scaring the hell out of your parents when you were younger, or did you come from different backgrounds?

MATT: Well, some of us were in punk bands and then sort of punk industrial came out. Our drummer has been in tons of bands, even a marching band. There were three bands and we took the best from each and formed Sheep Look Up.

KRAK: If you were to have a special image, what would you like to have people think of when they think of Sheep Look Up?

MATT: That's kind of hard because I really think that we're not trying to portray anything. We have such a diversity in the band. But if anything, it might be *jean-jean*, use your brains, don't be a idiot, and don't be herded. That would be the thing, don't be herded.

Interview conducted by Jenny Koerner and Mitchell Alvord



TOP 30 OF 1986

Artist

1. * D.A.F.P.
2. The Jazz Butcher
3. * Of Tanz Victims
4. * 39 Steps
5. Violent Femmes
6. The Cramps
7. * Three O'Clock Train
8. The Smiths
9. The Screaming Blue Messiahs
10. * Ray Condo And His Hardrock Goners
11. Art of Noise
12. * The Velvetones
13. R.E.M.
14. Siouxsie & The Banshees
15. Peter Murphy
16. Depeche Mode
17. * The Gruesomes
18. Gene Loves Jezabel
19. Various
20. Skinny Puppy
21. Billy Bragg
22. * Moev
23. New Order
24. Laurie Anderson
25. * Various
26. Lillian Allen
27. Black Uhuru
28. * Change of Heart
29. * Deja Voodoo
30. That Petrol Emotion

Album

- Dead In Love
Bloody Nonsense
Haunting the Empire
39 Steps
The Blind Leading the Naked
A Date With Elvis
Wig Wam Beach
The Queen is Dead
Gun Shy
Crazy Date
In Visible Silence
Tall House
Life's Rich Pageant
Tinderbox
Final Solution (12")
Black Celebration
Tyrants of Teen Trash
Desire
Listen II
Mind: T.P.I.
Levi Stubb's Tears (12")
Dusk and Desire
Brotherhood
Home of the Brave
It Came From Canada II
Revolutionary Tea Party
Brutal
50 ft. Up
Swamp of Love
Manic Pop Thrill

Label

- Psyche
Polygram
Bunker
Line
Slash
New Rose
Pipeline
WEA
Rough Trade
Pipeline
Chrysalis
Ransom
I.R.S.
Polydor
Polygram
Sire
Og
Polygram
VOT
Netwerk
Polygram-GO Disks
Netwerk
Factory-Polygram
WEA
Og
Verseto Vinyl
Attic
Primitive
Og
Demon

Based on number of weeks on chart

Compiled by Gary Shapiro - Music Director

* = Canadian

MARATHON

This year, as in the past, Radio McGill is pleased to announce its annual 50 hour Radiothon for charity. From 12 pm February 25th to 2 pm February 27th in Gertrude's Pub, Yasmin Zeitler and Jon Rajsky will perform this in-somniac feat for the Canadian Diabetes Association. It promises to be as successful and enjoyable as in the past. So we encourage

listeners to participate and give generously. Glamour, Celebs, Prizes, Tons 'O Tunes and puffiness around the eyes.

Let's hope next year is on FM.

For more information or donations contact:

Tanya Vukotic
Don Rossiter 392-8936

MARATHON

CELEBRITY CORNER

by Radio Personality Rob Costain

When you're a radio personality, greatness is never more than a brush away, as I have been finding out since I turned in my last column.

I ran into my old buddy Peter Gzowski, who happens to be quite a radio personality himself, crossing Decade near my apartment a while back. He didn't recognize me, probably because I was bundled up in winter clothing (I hope).

At Peel Pub, recently, someone almost slammed me right into Ray Condo as he was putting in a powerful show there with his Hardrock Goners. The Great One, Hank Williams wouldn't be proud.

What have This "Blue Piano" been up to lately?

Human League played Theatre St. Denis a short time ago. Isn't Philip Oakley looking scruffy these days?

I gave Augusta LaPalz directions to get to the CFRM studios not long ago. You may remember her as Brent Bamberry's predecessor as host of *Brave New Waves*.

Speaking of *Brave New Waves*, I don't know Kevin Komoda, formerly of Rational Youth and Dear John, but practically everyone else I know does.

Ye editor, Crushed Velvet, will probably be quite angry because this piece missed the deadline by several days

On the subject of Soft Furniture, Pure Velour tells me two things. First, she saw Michael McKean on Park Ave. A couple of weeks back. Secondly, William Defoe (Sgt. Elias in the film *Platoon*) was in Montreal recently. Pure Velour expresses her unyielding lust.

How does Elizabeth Taylor get her hair to gray so symmetrically?
Cliff Robertson, husband of Dina Merrill and a fine actor, was in town recently. I guess he was too busy to call me.

I wonder how my ex, Madonna, feels about the Clocene Wyver cover of her love, Into the Groove (She was my lover in another life, honest.)

I'm sure that Sigourney Weaver agrees that Montreal is not the ideal place to spend the winter. On the topic of Sissy, my roommate has genuine photos of her back taken on a street in NYC. It's kind of hard to tell that it's her, but it's kind of hard to know that someone who knows someone I know actually saw her once.

Well, this is the last *Celebrity Corner*. I'll miss writing it, but several several of my famous friends have asked me not to expose their private lives in the pages of KRAK. Frank Sinatra doesn't like anyone writing about him. So I'm off to Tahiti after this issue of KRAK goes to bed. Thank you for your support.

CFRM DJs Pick Their Top 10

DR. HENDRIX NEPTUNE

1. Psychoacandy - Jesus & Mary Chain
2. The Gift - The Sisters
3. Final Solution (12") - Peter Murphy
4. Is There A Way Out? (12") - Tackhead
5. The Queen is Dead - The Smiths
6. My Adversity (12") - Run D.M.C.
7. John's (12") - Tronista 21
8. Licensed To Ill - Beastie Boys
9. Spike Jones - Telex
10. Tales of Tabor - Karen Finley

MARK STOCKDALE - "Death of Nihilism"

1. Electric Cafe - Kraftwerk
2. The Queen is Dead - The Smiths
3. Brotherhood - New Order
4. Infected - The Thrash
5. Mind: T.P.I. - Skinny Puppy
6. Pillages and Shadow - The Moral Code
7. Big Very Land - Revolving Cores
8. Life's Rich Pageant - R.E.M.
9. Licensed to Ill - Beastie Boys
10. Twelfth - Ministry

DAN CHIU

1. Art of Noise - In Visible Silence
2. Twelfth - Ministry
3. Brotherhood - New Order
4. Electric Cafe - Kraftwerk
5. Infected - The Thrash
6. 1980-85 - Yellow
7. Home Of The Brave - Laurie Anderson
8. The Queen is Dead - The Smiths
9. 4440-4440
10. Tinderbox - Soulive D The Banshees

SPYRO

1. Psychoacandy - The Jesus & Mary Chain
2. Licensed To Ill - The Beastie Boys
3. Strange Times - Charlatans UK
4. Is There A Way Out? (12") - Tackhead
5. Big Very Land - Revolving Cores
6. Talk On A Sunday - Breeding Ground
7. Paris (12") - The Smiths
8. Rock On (12") - Howard Singsers
9. Schoody D - Schoody D
10. Hypnotize (12") - Mark Stewart

ROBERT DELBIAIO

1. The Queen is Dead - The Smiths
2. Happy Head - The Mighty Lemon Drops
3. Strange Times - Charlatans UK
4. Rules and Regulations - We've Got A Funbox
5. Black Celebration - Depeche Mode
6. Twelfth - Ministry
7. Tinderbox - Soulive & The Banshees
8. Anything By Anne Clark - Anne Clark
9. Nihilism - Nihilism
10. Distressed Gentlefolk - The Jazz Butcher Company

LINDA LALLA

1. Album - P.I.L.
2. Tinderbox - Soulive & The Banshees
3. The Queen is Dead - The Smiths
4. Big Night Music - Shockback
5. Especially For You - The Smithereens
6. Talking With The Taxman - Billy Bragg
7. Mind: T.P.I. - Skinny Puppy
8. Candy Apple Grey - Husker Du
9. The Colour Of Spring - Talk Talk
10. Jellyfish - Jellyfish

VLAD RINCO

1. Happy Head - The Mighty Lemon Drops
2. Talking With The Taxman - Billy Bragg
3. Kicking Against The Pricks - Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds
4. Sweeping Of Love - Devo
5. Jellyfish - Jellyfish
6. Life's Rich Pageant - R.E.M.
7. The Queen is Dead - The Smiths
8. Mind: T.P.I. - Skinny Puppy
9. Bloody Nonsense - The Jazz Butcher
10. Blood And Chocolate - Elvis Costello

ROB COSTAIN

1. Brotherhood - New Order
2. The Queen is Dead - The Smiths
3. Twelfth - Ministry
4. Electric Cafe - Kraftwerk
5. Infected - The Thrash
6. So - Peter Gabriel
7. Graveland - Paul Simon
8. Distressed Gentlefolk - The Jazz Butcher Company
9. Confessions - Easterhouse
10. Crazy Date - Ray Condo and His Hardrock Goners

REGGAE TOP TEN

- compiled by Justice Doyle and Spike Jerry
1. She Loves Me Now - Bama Hammond
 2. South Africa - Lenny Sibbles
 3. Hidden And Hard Times - Lillian Allen
 4. Say People - Ziggy Marley
 5. She Boom - Mafory Williams
 6. Bavy I Love You So - Colobourx
 7. A Voice - Madeline
 8. Youth Of Today - Little John
 9. Body Crazy - King Kong
 10. Moonchild Lover - Red Lee

R.A.W.N.'s top eleven (alphabetical)

- Wine Meadows - And Also The Trees
Talking With The Taxman - Billy Bragg
Victorland - The Contessa Team
Love - Robert Fripp and the League of Crafty Dubians
London O Huli 4 - The Housemartins
Candy Apple Grey - Husker Du
Bama Candy Talking - The Jesus and Mary Chain
How Green Is The Valley - The Men They Couldn't Hang
Life's Rich Pageant - R.E.M.
Pillages And Shadow - The Moral Code
The Blind Leading The Naked - Violent Femmes
Graveland - Paul Simon
(Robert A.W. Northey)

ALBUMS/REVIEWS



RED HOT AND BLUE CONDITION Amok

Imagine yourself in a dark, basement gh-joint at one in the morning. You can barely see across the room. Smoke circles around low-hung lamps over wooden tables. The only other source of light is in the shape of neon beer signs. It's probably raining outside. There's a stage in the left corner of the place, not big but sufficient. The band arrives on stage. They put microphones, tube instruments, greet the crowd and ease into "Crazy, Man, Crazy."

Okay, I admit, all the above is fictitious, but it represents the ideal Condition gig. Among all the local bands which range



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punk/blues/country/rock-a-billy/cow punk/etc., Condition seems to be standing in a solitary spotlight; nobody else is doing what they're doing — "Urban Primitive Swing" they call it now. RED HOT AND BLUE is what they call their new album — a six-song EP which shows a significantly fuller sound from last year's MUMBO JUMBO LP. It's slicker on the production side of things. The eerie combo organ and saxophone, which is sometimes the core of Condition's sound, is still there. The raw-edged sound of MUMBO JUMBO isn't. But who really cares? RED HOT AND BLUE is still a hell of a lot of fun.

Only four of the six songs are originals. The opening track, The Boogie Man, in which guitar and saxophone share equal time at the beginning, then trade leads near the end, is a great three minute tune which you'll probably find yourself humming later. Way Down Deep is most likely the strongest song on this album. Julia Gilmore is in top form, buying groovy, sleazy animals for five bucks (listen to the song, you'll know what I'm talking about). The Cuban-inflected Havana and Why D'ya Do What? 'Cha Did are the other two originals. Screamin' Jay Hawkins' I Put a Spell On You is covered, with Philip Lanthier on vocals. Also heard is Cooly J. Davenport's Fever, a song that was destined to be covered by Condition. Gilmore walks through this one sounding just great.

Line-up changes have occurred since the release of MUMBO JUMBO. Eddy Stralik left after their Western tour last summer to be replaced by John Sobol on saxophone and Philip Lanthier, who played a small part on the MUMBO JUMBO LP. This might account for the fuller sound mentioned earlier, now that Condition is a four piece band as opposed to a trio. Philip Vecina is still drumming. And of course, there is Julia Gilmore, who has expanded her vocal talents even further while still at the helm of her combo organ. At this point I'd like to mention the simply great album cover on RED HOT AND BLUE. A tip of my hat to Catherine Saboury and Eyal Katlan (in stereo). My only complaint about his album is that I wish there was more. Just when you're really enjoying this album, it's over. But that's just a minor gripe. I am continually pleased with what Condition is doing, and hope bigger and better things come their way.

So the next time you're walking around in the rain late at night and you hear a moody sax and combo organ oozing out of a basement bar, just go in and ease yourself into the Condition.

THE PURPLE TOADS THE PURPLE TOADS Star Records

Turn up the stereo, turn off the brain cells, drop into high gear and let it go. Yes, the Purple Toads are here and they mean business. The debut album by this Toronto-area band is straight-ahead, no holds barred aggressive rock that really kicks ass. In a listless and styleless rehash of Hamilton's Florida Razors, the Toads manage to get things really moving.

Just Another Stupid Jerk is a real stomper and probably the best track on this album, although it has close competition by Gonna Have a Good Time and 40 Pounder Blues.

Roger Branton lays in a very good bass line which manages to counterbalance the frantic guitar licks and assorted twangings. The main weakness of this album is the tunes hardly ever slow down and change basic structure too infrequently.

Altogether the album is quite good, and given a little more time The Purple Toads could mature and together a tight, strong album. So, range away your cerebral powers and crank up the stereo 'cause the Toads are here to stay!

Michael Avline

The DISTRESSED Gentlefolk
DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK



DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK THE JAZZ BUTCHER CON- SPIRACY Polygram

The Jazz Butcher that you know and love is now the Jazz Butcher Conspiracy. What may they be conspiring about? Could it be they are attempting to overthrow Margaret Thatcher and replace her with Bo Diddley? No. Are they conspiring to supersede Bruce Springsteen as the pop icon of North America? Maybe, but I don't think the masses are really just yet for cratified, intelligent pop tunes with wit.

The first step towards assuming the position of pop deities on this side of the

MORE ALBUMS/REVIEWS

Atlantic was taken by releasing the compilation BLOODY NONSENSE on a domestic label (Polygram). Since then a second album has been released by Polygram, entitled DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK, which is the subject of this review.

The Jazz Butcher is always a musically good time, and DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK is fun, fun, fun, multiplied by two. Does that mean it's six times the fun of your average album? Yes and no. What I really mean is that you get two albums for the price of one. As a bonus you get a nine track 45 RPM EP and it's dedicated to the memory of Peter Lorre; everybody's favourite short person with a voice like Icarus. The EP, like the album is just bursting with witty "snap your fingers and tap your toes" popcisms. You figure that last word out. Anyway, I keep getting this creeping feeling of writing hysterical praise for this album, but I'll try to restrain myself.

One song that is particularly entertaining is Domestic Animal. It tells the story of our poor household pets who no longer can engage in "the birds and the bees" type postula. It makes you think that just maybe your beloved pet is silently restraining you. Next time you find your newspaper chewed up or your furniture scratched you'll know that it's your pet, not a creep, "you ruined my sex life, you creep," I digress.

I like every track on this album and each song seems to have a certain feel to it. For example Falling in Love has a down home country feel to it while Who Loves You Now is jazz lounge singing the Butcher way. One song even brings up vague memories of latter day Led Zeppelin (Sof in The Kitchen). Two songs on the album were written not by the Jazz Butcher but by Max Eder, guitarist for The Conspiracy. One of them, The New World has a bluesy feel and it is more melancholy than the rest of the album, but nonetheless it fits in perfectly.

If you are tired of bands that are too serious and try to hit you over the head with political content or if you're tired of listening to bands who have lost the idea that music can be a riotous good time, slap this album onto your turntable. You won't be disappointed.

Paul Blasson

TO SIR WITH HATE FIFTH COLUMN Hide Records

Psychedelia, though still quite popular, is definitely on the decline. Someone forgot to tell Fifth Column.

TO SIR WITH HATE [a play on words from the popular 60s movie finds the

Torontonian Fifth Column caught in an Adams family nightmare surrounded by an eerie keyboard that flows through the whole album. The lead singer (no liner notes) crosses between Joliz and the Skeletal Family to communicate the stark realities expressed in the band's lyrics.

Using familiar punk themes like conformity and political rebellion, the Column sheds no new light on their subjects staying within the bounds of pseudo-awareness. Right Hook typifies where they are coming from with their views on the generation gap and the stress between generations.

Late Last Night is a Batman-Ventures quality to it with a stripped down guitar lead providing a melodic trance-like experience. A latino beat flows through Kangoan Court producing images of a flamenco dancer.

The rest of the album sticks closely to Fifth Column's formula, stripping everything down to the bare minimums. The under produced texture that reverberates on TO SIR WITH HATE complements the band leaving a black and desolate scenario.

TO SIR WITH HATE, Fifth Column's first album is not as angry as it could be and not as depressing as it should be. One can only hope that their next offering is a little harder in both areas.

Brianed

INTO THE GROOVEEY (12")

CICCONI Youth

Blast First Records (import)

Members of New York's Sonic Youth kept the legion of bands subverting the pop medium by covering hit songs with this release of Madonna Cicconi's Into the Groove. Like Lords of the New Church, Cicconi Youth have punked up the song, adding fuzzed-up guitar, a space-rock, and acidic vocals. The song remains a great dance tune for the adventurous, thanks to the fact that the band isn't afraid of a drum machine. Add to the aural pleasure is the presence of Madonna's original track, which occasionally surfaces to accompany the Youth's hard-driving version.

This Madonna song surpasses the Lords of the New Church cover of Like A Virgin because the members of Cicconi Youth have taken care to make the song their own, whereas the Lords mainly change to the song was the presence of St. Victor's sleazy vocals. This is hardly true of the B-side of INTO THE GROOVEEY, another Madonna cover called Burnin' Up. Done as a fairly straight forward rock'n'roll number, Burnin' Up is far less distinctive, and lacks the pop hook which sparks recognition in the listener. It is a workmanlike effort—nothing more, nothing less.

But, the excellence of the title track make the EP well worth the purchase price—even on import.

Robert Costain



MUSCLE IN THREE O'CLOCK TRAIN Pipeline

Three O'Clock Train! Yee-haw, you, that groovy country-country outfit from Montreal who have been turning heads for almost two years now! However... STOP IT RIGHT THERE! If that's your vision of what Three O'Clock Train is all about, then you should be nailed to the side of a barn. Since their birth in 1984, they've moved steadily and strongly, proving to be a major driving force of the local scene.

MUSCLE IN is the title of this long awaited LP, and follows the release of WIG WAM BEACH last summer. It also signifies a maturing process that the Train continued on page 12

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Or Flipped Out here, comin' to you once again from a mysterious and foreboding place where time stands still and a few mortals dare to tread: The Subterranean Jungle! It's from my groto go-go in these parts that I drive y'all in radio-land over the brink of telegenenerate lunacy each week with wild and raunchy rock'n'roll made to sockle your fine spine. It's also from here that I occasionally carve out a few words on a slab of granite and give KRAK readers an update on what's been happening in Montreal's rockin' scene, so let's go Daddy-O!

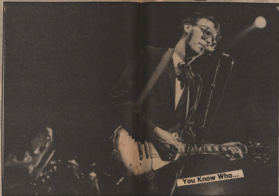
I don't have the chance to get away from the jungle too often so you'd better believe I used the Deja Voodoo Barbeque on December 19th as a perfect excuse to make a rare foray to the city above. I take my chicken any of 'em I can get it, and I got it good an' spicy at the Spectrum that night along with the opportunity to dig most of Montreal's bossiest groups up on stage. Man, I dunno what Gerard and Tony of Deja Voodoo used to spike the barbeque sauce with, 'cause everyone performing that evening sure had to be ON something alright! That's just how finger lickin' good each group's set was.

Stranded In The JUNGLE

The first band to hit the stage, as the Spectrum started filling up, was The Mongols. These fellas are vicious enough to give The Hell's Angels a good name and appropriately ravaged an half hour's worth of some of their best tunes including the surf instrumental *Mauloid Reef*, Hasil Adkin's squawkin' *Chicken Walk* (?) and the blistering *Dolls-like* *I Wanna Be Alone*. (The following evening, the Mongols did their frantic version of *The New York Dolls' Trash* when they opened for Hamilton's *Forgotten Rabbits* at Fourtunes Electriques. The Rabbits were real good, by the way, with their Lux Interior-gone-glitter frontman and their Ramones-y sound. Gabbie-gabbie-heyl!)

Next up was E.J. Brule who did some pretty strange things with his mouth but most of whose set I missed 'cause I, ah, ran into a chick I knew. The crowd seemed to like him though, judging from the applause. Jerry Jerry and The Sons of Rhythm Orchestra, formerly the pride of Edmonton but now established in Mon-

Photos by Owen Egan



THIS ISSUE - FLIPPED OUT VISITS THE VOOODOO B.B.Q



Following The Gruesomes were the two guys who had cooked up the evening's shindig in the first place: *Deja Voodoo*. Tony mercilessly pounded on his drums with animal-like ferocity while Gerard barked out long-time Voodoo laves as well as numbers from their recent *Swamp of Love* album. The duo's live sound has acquired a garage-like fullness I never would have thought possible, and anyone who thinks they need a bass player should know that they'd probably offer him up for sacrifice to Bo Diddley.

And it was with Bo's patented beat on the "Bo Diddley/Orange Blossom Special medley" that Ray Condo and his Har-drock Goners opened their set, the last one of the night. By this time it was past midnight and, as befitting the hour, Ray was one cat on the prowl who sure did howl! The Goners were behind him all the way on tunes like *Crazy Mixed-up World*, *St. James Infirmary* and *Off the Hook*. (That last song, I written by Jaggar/Richard in '64, should find its way onto the Goners' next release. More info on that soon). When Condo and company left the stage, the folks remaining at the Spectrum started to head on home and I high-tailed it back to the jungle.

Straw boss, looks like I'm at a loss for words, that is - so I guess I'll just take it on the lam and scram! But don't ever let it slip your mind that it's the sexiest sound this side of Jane Mansfield's heavy breathin' you're starved for. I give it to you in the form of primal rock'n'roll every Wednesday night on Radio McGill from my steamy abodes in the Subterranean Jungle. And now dig this last word of advice: take off your clothes and live, baby, live!



PHOTOS FROM THE DEJA VOOODOO B.B.Q. ARE AVAILABLE. \$6/8x10. CALL OWEN AT 468-1727



Flipped's Five Faves

1. The Mongols - Have Love, Will Travel
2. The Ben Vaughn Combo - My first Band
3. The Girls - Chico's Girl
4. Les Chancelliers - La Generation d'aujourd'hui
5. Slim Harpo - Baby Scratch My Back

MOREALBUMREVIEW

continued from page 9

are in. The songs, written by vocalist-vocalist Mack MacKenzie, deal with the general themes of love, hate, jealousy, etc. Not original ideas, but hell, what is today? The basic principle is, it's what you do with those ideas to keep them fresh and interesting. If you're successful, it works, like for those of Three O'Clock Train.

Getting back to the maturing element, it's evident all over this record. In many ways, it's very different from WIG WAM BEACH, in the songs it presents. It consists mostly of ballads, the kind you listen to on hot summer nights with a bottle of Scotch as your companion. The songs that recall the upper-tempo of WIG WAM BEACH are the likes of *Sunken Desires*, *One of Two Fates* and *Fingers*, the latter carries you along on stories of hope, love and aggression. *My Baby* (He Says) and *Thanks For the Ride* are as good as C & W ballads get, and the title track, *Muscle in It*, is probably the best song they've done, lyrically and musically.

They're a better band than they were even a year ago, and they were pretty good back then, so who knows what is yet to come from this quartet. One thing I've always felt was that this band is much stronger on vinyl than they are live, the music has always been great, but the performance had always been lacking something. But once again I'm probably just being tricky, and time will only prove me wrong (if hope).

As an album, **MUSCLE IN IT** is the strongest release they may even be as bold as saying nationally of this year. Mack MacKenzie is the most interesting songwriter to come out of our woods in some time, and he's busy as well producing this LP, and the awaited *Mongols EP*. Do yourself a favour and pick up this album, a slice of summer in these early frozen months.

PRH



FUTURE TENSE VARIOUS

Quick! For 20,000 points and a chance at door number 2, what's the most annoying thing about most compilation albums nowadays?

Inconsistency...yeah, that's the ticket! What you have 10 or so different groups all on one record that is generally no flow...no continuity. You may like the songs individually but together they just don't work that well.

Future Tense is a very unique sort of compilation album showcasing only four bands who blend together in much the same fashion as this *Mortal Coil*. The groups in this case are *The Beautiful Peas*, *Green Boat*, *Bill Pritchard*, *Attrition* and *The Legendary Pink Dots*, all of which have previous releases falling more or less in the "disturbed" electronic music category. Don't let the word "electronic" scare you though. This is a million miles apart from the electro-pop groups of 3 years ago which gave synthesizers "legit" status. There is very little dance music to be found on this release.

Side one begins with 2 songs by *The Beautiful Peas* *Green Boat*, the most up-tempo of the 4 groups, the singer's voice is soothing but somehow out of place, like she is totally detached from the music. It's quite beautiful and yet leaves you a bit unsettled.

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Bill Pritchard follows with 4 songs which contain the same sort of dichotomy between lyrics and music. *Springtime in Prague* has a dreamlike carousel feel to it but the opening line (*Living in paradise is not very fun / when your life is controlled by the sound of a gun*) hints the dream giving it impact at the same time.

Side two opens with *Attrition* performing an Anne Clarke-ish tune except the music is much more disturbing, using off-key noises and a piano playing slightly off-rhythm to punctuate the lyrics (I wanted to leave the beggar child at mother's door / but knew she was part and parcel of my whole). They add three more disturbing songs leading to the psychotic finale.

The *Legendary Pink Dots* contribute only one song about an 11 minute one. While the rest of the album is much like a slightly psychotic dream, *Premontion 5* is a diseased nightmare complete with backward masking and preposterous rhymists. It is not an overly aggressive tune but it evokes thoughts of deeply troubled minds. Do the words "bad acid trip" mean anything to you?

Overall, *Future Tense* is not the kind of album which will make you feel good. It's cold, haunting music and one of my favorites of '86. There's lots of time to be happy when you're old.

Lonesome Cowboy Bob

HOW GREEN IS THE VALLEY THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG MCA Records

The first thing I say to myself as I put this album on the portable is, "What the hell are they doing on MCA?" They are greeted by a solemn instrumental, lasting just over a minute, and flowing right into the next song, the last played single, *Gold Rush*.

The Men They Couldn't Hang, with their second album, remain in the genre of post-rock, the style first made popular by REM and then inherited by The Pogues. Their first album (*NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES* (DeMott Records) was one of the most refreshing debut albums to dent the market, but recognition reached a peak only slightly higher than nil in North America. My greatest fear was to never hear another new note by the group. And now, unexpectedly, on a major label...

You may ask what one expects to hear when listening to The Men. The first thing is folk, Irish folk, though not to the extreme taken by their sister group, The Pogues. The second is tempo, most of it fast. The first is particular to the group - Cuth and Sire's vocals, the unique combination of strings, the other instruments - something that makes you think The Men. After these three basics you ear does not know what to expect next.

If you enjoy albums where you can find ten versions of one melody (popularity called a theme) then stay clear of this one. The music may be angry, lively, rabid, sad, military, mournful, or usually, a combination of these. The lyrics seem to come from the mouths of old, Irish nationalist, factory workers sitting in a pub with their pints, throwing darts and telling stories to a younger generation which is fascinated by the adventure. Each song seems to come from a unique person, with his own view and tale to tell. And thus the album closes with a calm tune, "Parted From You", sort of a last call at the bar.

So hold onto your "best of 1986" list (the album was released end of last year) and listen to HOW GREEN IS THE VALLEY. Hell, why not go out and bloody well buy the album. It's worth the money (even as an import, though it might be domestic soon). Let's hope The Men They Couldn't Hang don't get caught in the noose of any morality or the clothing of commercialism, so that they continue with such fine music.

I almost forgot; let's pray for a war.

R.A.W.N.

YOUR FUNERAL...MY TRIAL NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS Mute Slum 34

"I have seen the light at the end of the tunnel. It's a train of suffering and it's coming my way."

Nick Cave lives in Berlin. London is most certainly suffering, according to Cave, like a corpse at the other end of a rope.

DJ Top 10 continued

- JEOPF BULL, host of *Voice of America*
- Life's a Rich Person - R.E.M.
- Graceland - Paul Simon
- Big Bangs For Everybody - Let's Active Return
- Home Of The Brave - Laurie Anderson
- Candy Apple Grey - Husker Du
- King Of America - Bob Geldof
- Animal Boy - Ramones
- Game From Candy Gate - Various
- Pilgrimage and Shadow - This Mortal Coil
- Album - Public Image Ltd.
- BYRON STYROMACH
- Pilgrimage and Shadow - This Mortal Coil
- Distressed Gentlefolk - The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy
- Brotherhood - New Order
- Dusk And Desire - Muro
- Sleazy Pleasure - David Byrne and the Commitments
- Talking With The Moon - Billy Bragg
- The Queen Is Dead - The Smiths
- Life's a Rich Person - R.E.M.
- Electric Cafe - Kraftwerk
- Infected - The The

JEAN RICHARD Birt A Zorilla host
1. The Queen Is Dead - The Smiths
2. What Price Paradise - China Crisis
3. Commandments - Communards
4. Brighter Than A Thousand Suns - Killing Joke

- So, Peter McEneaney
- You Keep Me Hangin' On (12") - Colorbox
- Manda - The Lucy Shue
- Infected - The The

Media straightjacketed (See Wapping, morally bound (i.e. Norman Tebbit), and moribund, London is presently no place for dissenters. The last refuge, the surviving independent spirit have no option but to adopt a position of accelerated decadence. They hope that pushing harder and harder against all constraints will destroy the readily inherited truths and values that threaten to stifle them.

Of course, such choices are not consciously made. One comes to it instinctively, though naturally an absolute disgust with the pervasive feebleness which now influences over one's instincts. Having consciously or subconsciously - taken the difficult path of pursuing unpopular desires to the end, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds have come the full brunt of a critical whiplash that has set themselves up as the new vanguard of this righteousness in the hope of buying themselves a place in music history with easy personal signs: Ugly Nick Cave, Pompous Melodram, Comic Theatre, ex-members of The Blooded Party, and so on. Talking of their asses they're obviously blind to what The Bad Seeds are or what they might do.

For here is a truly strange floating group of musicians, consisting of Nick, the BP compatriot and frequent arranger Mick Harvey (also Crime and the City Solutions' driving force), ex-Newcastle non-guitarist Blixa Bliemel, percussionist Tony Thorne (from Berlin's Die Haut) and bassist Barry Adamson (ex-Magazine). Scattered across the continent and each deeply committed to the other projects,

they can be drastically haphazard, but their bizarre approach to composition brings its own rewards.

It's only been a few months since the release of *KICKING AGAINST THE PRICES* and now we've been invited to a funeral and a trial, showing the extent that Nick has been influenced by the works of rural American balladists. The four aid, eight track 45 RPM does so to focus all of the band's obsessions into focus conveying them in their most accessible manner ever.

The Seeds bleed into loose country shuffla on *Stranger Than Kindness*, while Jack's Shadow with its slide guitar brings the whole piece spiraling down to a remarkable, chilly snail - dirge-like acoustic. And the title track is one of two outstanding pieces, dealing with the classic Cave nightmare of being deserted by a woman he loves and has destroyed. It's only one slash away from the other climactic piece, *Hard On For Love*, where God, Cave's other obsession, and the malevolence of women unite to drive a believer to unbelief. A man, convinced by his own furiously obsessions, is forever left to dangle on a rosary of lust, tantalized, captivated by the end of time.

Your Funeral, Nick's bleakest portrait yet of the stranger, the wifely tragedy that stalks the edge of town, with nowhere to go, once this sort of thing is said, there's no reason to go on. But, Your Funeral is lacerating proof the way the Band underneath keeps releasing it dark off-spring.

Stormin' Normin

- Brotherhood - New Order
- Life's a Rich Person - R.E.M.
- CRUSHED VELVET (one half of Soft Surroundings)
- Brotherhood - Play Records and His Handrock Group
- Grady Nonense - The Jazz Butcher
- The Big Heat - Star Highway
- Kick Against The Pricks - Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
- Candy Apple Grey - Husker Du
- Especially For You - The Smithereens
- Game Candy Talking (12") - The Jesus & Mary Chain
- Contenders - Earthshaker
- The Wobbling Chair - The Maricats
- The Good Earth - The Peebles
- PURE VLOUR (the other half)
- Grady Non - Play Records and His Handrock Group
- Rum, Bodomy And The Leash - The Pogues
- Hate Filled Man - Chris Houston
- It Came From Canada II - Various
- Especially For You - The Smithereens
- Life's a Rich Person - R.E.M.
- Highway To Heaven - Morrison Juggernaut
- Another View - Velvet Underground (sorry, only nine).

- STORMIN' NORMIN'S TOP 10
- Headbanger's Ball - Kiss
- Teen Babes From Monsanto - Red Kross
- Band Smiler - The Fall

- Play Pop - Wire
- Atlantic Rhythm And Blues - 1947-74, Vol. 2 - 1947-74
- Scrag - Nurse With Wound
- Play Pop - Nurse With Wound
- Criminals - Soviet Piano Rum
- Rum, Bodomy And The Leash - The Pogues
- L.P., Head of David
- Play Pop - Nurse With Wound
- Wild Swains, Gang of Four, 800 Little Fingers, Underworld
- Say What, Live in London - Trouser Funk

LONESOME COWBOY BOB'S TOP 11 ALBUMS 1986

- Whites Off Earth - New Cowboy Junkies
- Le Mystere Des Voies Negatives
- Rum, Bodomy, And The Leash - The Pogues
- Future Tense - Compulsion
- Mind! T.P.M., Skinny Puppy
- Muscle - Gamma
- Jellyfishbrain - Jellyfishbrain
- Teen Martin The Tasmanian - Billy Bragg
- No Gods, No Method, No Teacher
- The Mission - Soundtrack

continued on page 15

continued from page 14.

what's happening in Yorkshire, or in England, or Britain, or in western Europe or in the rest of the world—that's when I suddenly realized, no wonder they have no responsibility for what their government is doing. That's what inspired it and that was, I think, justified recently, during their elections. Only 36% of the population bothered voting. I don't think they're not interested, they're just apathetic about it. It's not an anti-American song. It's just a song that asks them to take responsibility for being the biggest Capitalist democratic nation.

KRAK: Along the same lines, do you think that your music can translate to such a different social and political environment like the U.S. and Canada and still have its power?

BRAQ: Well, this is what everybody always said to me, no way, no way the Yanks are going to go for that record, forget it, they're not political enough, for your accent isn't, you know...They'll never play it on the radio. We've done 5-6 gigs over there and sold out 4 of them including New York on the same night as Sonic Youth and Eric Clapton were playing. The public were singing along and they're taking the politics. Nobody is more surprised than yours truly, I assure you...They could all be yuppies for all I know, but I know that there are political people who agree with my politics and they go back home and watch MTV, drive their mother's car and never do anything

political again in their lives. I'm sure about that. But all of a sudden you can't just expect people to go out, storm the World Trade Center, or fly a red flag atop the Empire State Building. Pop music ain't supposed to do that or it ain't capable. It'd be good if it was—it'd be great.

Patrick Hamou
transcribed (with much thanks) by
France Chevalier



sunday

LIVE UNDER THE DOME

monday

GAMBLING NIGHT

tuesday

DRAFT BASH

wednesday

SHOT NIGHT

thunderdome

1252 stanley

TOP 30

Artist

1. Hüsker Dü
2. * Three O'Clock Train
3. * Condition
4. * Ben Vaughn Combo
5. Various
6. * Of Tanz Victims
7. Dead Kennedys
8. Robyn Hitchcock
9. * Deja Voodoo
10. Los Lobos
11. * Various
12. This Mortal Coil
13. * Jellyfish Babies
14. * The Lucy Show
15. * Sheep Look Up
16. Camper Van Beethoven
17. The Golden Palominos
18. The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy
19. * The Purple Toads
20. concrete Blonde
21. The Smithereens
22. * Shuffle Demons
23. The Godfathers
24. Billy Bragg
25. Smiths
26. * Traffic D'Influence
27. Trowing Muses
28. Swans
29. * Sons of the Desert
30. * Fifth Column

* = Canadian

Album

- Warehouse Songs & Stories
Muscle In
Red, Hot and Blue
The Many Moods Of...
Sid and Nancy Soundtrack
Scanning Elte Demencia
Bedtime For Democracy
Element of Light
Swamp of Love
By The Light Of The Moon
Out of The Fog (Hallux Underground)
Filigree & Shadow
Jellyfish Babies
Mania
Sheep Look Up
Camper Van Beethoven
Blast of Silence
Distressed Gentlefolk
The Purple Toads
Concrete Blonde
Especially For You
Streetsinks
Hit by Hit
Talking With The Taxman...
Shoplifters of the World Unite (12")
Lip Sync
Throwing Muses
Public Casteration Is A Good Idea
Sons of the Desert
To Sir With Hate

Label

- WEA
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Star
MCA
Bunker
Fringe
Relativity
CO
Slash/WEA
CKDU
Polygram
Pit
Polygram
Sur
Pitch-a-Tent
Celluloid
Polygram
Star
I.R.S.
Enigma
Stuben
Corporate Image
Polygram
Roughtrade
Etique Rev.
AAD
Burn One
Demo
Hide

Compiled by Gary Shapiro - Music Director

FEBRUARY							
M	T	W	Th	F	Sa	Su	
						22 Tetst Art	
23	24 2nd weeknight	25 DEJA VOODOO weekend final	26 Tetst Art	27 Tetst Art	28 Tetst Art		
AU CÉRO CANAPET							
les foufoues MARCH							
							1 Tetst Art
2	3 L'Oeil	4 Suffer Machine	5 Garry Religion	6 Jerry Jerry	7 NIRS	8 mail de la glisse week-end-construction	
9	10 L'Oeil	11	12	13	14 Condition	15 Peinture est Direct	
16	17 L'Oeil	18 Descendants	19 Kittie with a whip	20 Unayok	21 Unayok	22 Unayok	
23	24 L'Oeil	25 October Crisis	26 One Free Fall	27 Jenny Rock	28 Hauting Today	29	
30	31 L'Oeil						

THE PEEL SESSIONS
JOY DIVISION
UNDERTONES
XMAL DEUTSCHLAND
MADNESS
GANG OF FOUR
WEDDING PRESENT
WILD SWANS
Strange Fruit Records
(Polygram Canada)

Everyone wore really strange clothes and had funny haircuts, they thought they were going to change the world. Drugs were rampant, the attitude was "If it ain't stiff - it isn't worth a fuck", and only other people turned thirty. Sounds a lot like 1967 doesn't it, but why not? Happy Anniversary, darling!

In 1978, things weren't that bad. Jim Callaghan wasn't that close to General Pinochet and if you weren't careful you could have fallen over a job.

The Class of 1978, those naughty punks, the school of No Future - NO FUTURE! Isn't that the most glorious slice of self play you ever heard? The last generation to come of age before Britain slid into the economic posturing of a Third World nation. The Punks were the last generation that could afford to be rebellious. Did they fail? I don't think so. Punk dragged, the prevailing middle class culture, old, dull and staid - screaming back to the youth. You can do whatever you want - the only thing stopping you...is yourself. You can do anything you want - the message to the nations saving youth was: you are a waste!

I approached the Peel Sessions with much curiosity, my interest piqued, ten years on. The "Peel Sessions" are the result and fascination of one John Peel of BBC1. Each week a different band was booked up in a local BBC studio, engineered by some geek in a Ginecisi. "Shit whose sole aim was to dilute the sessions, tarnish them up a bit, this is the BBC you know and not the Carrel. This excuse though, doesn't apply to Joy Division.

Joy Division - stark, dull minimalism. The perfect bed of band, "I remember when we were young", that seems to attract the angst ridden segment of the



young male population, the ones that dress in black with girlfriends that look like Robert Smith, found at any goth concert. My roommate Bev, upon hearing "The Division" wondered as to why Curtis was allowed near a microphone. "He seems to be off key," she said, quite observant. I noted as Ian slurred through one cut after another.

Joy Division does not age well. In 1987, I doubt any band with any hint of ambition would/could use him. "Transmission" fares well above the others, "Exercise One" avoidable, with irritating drum synths, they stumble into "She's Lost Control", in the hands of, say, the Banshees. This could have been a brilliant single, but alas, it bogs down in its own tedious angst. If this happened in 1979, why are people still dressed like this in 1987 - Oh, woe is me.

Not so, on the Undertones, this session is as fresh and lively as the newsprint you are holding. Fanie Sharkey wails his little heart out over such problems as love and the coming of summer, which I'm sure would have won the eye of Andy. Let's just see Polygram try to get this back...

Xmal Deutschland - best intentions all around I'm sure - but it should have been buried along with Joy Division - cause of death: Terminal art school crap.

Madness call their ska-reggae influenced dance music the "muffy sound". Recorded in 1979, it features a stripped down version of "The Prince". "Please Sir, Buy my Madness!" Wonderful, shuffling, cool music, buy it.

The Post-Punk period broke away from the minute-47 chainsaw guitar riff and reached back into the realm of postmodernism.



The "Gang of Four", recorded in 1979 were the threshold of sectional guitar stabs at the conventional song - no Eurovision song contest winners here. The band peaked then and this is all that is left. This session features a very trim first single "At Home He's a Tourist", then something happened. After 1979, they turned crap. Which then concludes with the "Wild Swans" and "The Wedding Present" few years in between but oh so lovely. It is unfortunate that some blame the Wild Swans for the coming of the "Wooden Tops" or even the "Smiths" for that matter - it that is so then imitation is truly the greatest form of flattery. The "Swans" were known for a very intense acoustic, ringing guitar, much better driven on electric, they are outstanding - guitars tightly strung, the way God intended them to be played. As for driven, only pedestrians will buy this one.

The "Peel Sessions" are a good idea, I think, but they weren't recorded in a vacuum. They were done at a certain time for certain people and because of that they remain as such - linear in motion. Musical archives are never cyclical thus denying them the magic they once held and for that I'm so sorry.

Norman de Bellefeuille



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08h00						
09h00			CLASSICAL			
10h00			Death of REGULAR PROGRAMMING Nihilism			Savoy Hour
11h00	Soft Furniture					Bats & Cats and Egypt
12h00		In From The Cold	La Bete	Pressbox Newsmag	TOP 17	World Service
13h00		Sounds From The Street	Culturelle			
14h00			The New REGULAR PROGRAMMING Sounds of Today			
15h00						
16h00	Reggae Beat International	Pop goes the Beatles	Radio Uhuru	Off Campus	Radio Rosa	B w Video
17h00	Blue Monday	Positive Vibrations	REGGAE			
18h00			JAZZ			
19h00						
20h00	Sylvanus On-Air	Electric Eclectic	The Subterranean Jungle	Comedy	Friday Night Sports Special	Harlem Nocturne
21h00	Dromotexts	Voice of America	The New Republicans			The Cats Game
22h00						
23h00		Ent 4 Zorallies	REGULAR PROGRAMMING (with a little more bite)			
24h00			Not of This World	Final Solution		
01h00	OFF THE AIR				Late Night Atrocity Exhibition	